THE New Republic

Dulles on China: Who Is Being Blackmailed?

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT

Page 3

LIBRARY

You Too Can Be a Pundit

By MARTHA GELLHORN

Notes from Warsaw—II . . . . . *Gilbert A. Harrison*

Richard Wright on Spain . . . . . *Richard Strout*

The Pitcher in the Rye . . . . . *Donald Malcolm*

★

Osborn's Illustrated Puppet Show On Dulles Diplomacy

FEBRUARY 18, 1957 20c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Wire

Love In Bloom

LOOK AT IT anyway you like, the outstanding political fact in America today is Eisenhower's continuing, extraordinary, unique popularity. No President in history, from Washington down, has known anything like it. His latest Gallup Poll rating is at a breathtaking 79 percent. What causes awe is that this goes on year after year: his popularity has never dropped below 57 percent (1954 mid-term election).

The American people's love affair with Eisenhower overlooks all faults. The wonderful 1955 "Geneva Spirit" brought back from the Summit meeting was a phony—the people loved it; promises of reduced expenditures, stabilized dollar, federal decentralization all collapsed—who cares? The President has created an amazing fiasco in his Middle East policy; he deplores government spending and simultaneously sends Congress the largest peacetime budget in history—so what: The public loves Ike. The less he does the more they love him. That, probably, is the secret. Here is a man who doesn't rock the boat. For two and a half years, efforts have been made to get him to give moral support to the Supreme Court desegregation decision; he hasn't spoken. So in other matters. The country is at peace and prosperous. Why ask more?

Let it be recorded, quietly and matter-of-factly, that Eisenhower now publicly links his frequent vacations with his physical condition. At his latest press conference he explained, "I insist on going for a bit of recreation every once in a while, and I do that because I think it is necessary to keep up to the state of fitness essential to this job." Nobody can blame him for this.

The President looks pink and well. Doctors watch his weight like hawks.

The Little Lame Prince

PUBLICITY men are congratulating ARAMCO (Arabian-American Oil Co.) for one of the slickest public-relations jobs in history. They kept the spotlight centered firmly on the charming little crippled 3½ year old Prince Mashur in the ticklish King Saud visit. The American press has not had such an emotional binge since Eisenhower came back from "making peace" at Geneva. ARAMCO pays the King $300 million annually in oil royalties so he deserves (and gets) the best we have to offer in publicity men.

What if the US Government accepts the royal Saudi edict barring Jews from American Missions; what if the King keeps his people impoverished while getting $1 million a day from oil; what if he traffics in slaves and now and then cuts off the heads of a batch who are so ungrateful as to run away? Forget all this, dear people, and think of the little lame prince, and sob and smile at the poignancy of it! Talking among themselves advertising men here say nothing so shrewd has been done for a long, long time, maybe not since the tooth-paste manufacturers invented "halitosis."

Going Up

CONGRATULATIONS to Robert Spivack of the *New York Post* for breaking the story that Administration oil experts knew all along that major US oil companies planned to jump their prices if the Suez Canal were blocked. The *Times* which had been strangely indifferent to the story suddenly woke up after Spivack's revelation. Even for this Administration the events are extraordinary. Way back on September 19 Interior Department "experts" and representatives of the big oil companies met secretly in Washington to lay plans for a Suez emergency. The oil men hinted that prices would go up. Government officials hinted that they would block them —they never did. Asked on the stand last week if prices had been discussed, Assistant Interior Secretary Felix Wormser hemmed and hawed. Proof that prices were discussed came from the declassified "confidential" minutes of the meeting itself. Gasoline stocks are now 20 percent above normal in the US, but the domestic companies slapped on a cent-a-gallon rise, plus a cent-a-gallon rise in fuel oil. (Total increased take estimated at around an inflationary $1 billion to American consumers; no protest from Eisenhower.) Under prodding from Congress the big oil companies are suddenly raising lagging oil deliveries to Europe. Simultaneously the Justice Department started a belated grand jury proceeding. Most interesting discovery of the week was the man Wormser, a Dead End free-enterprise kid who militantly told the Senate and House committees that he was "completely neutral" about price rises and had gone out of his way to avoid the problem.

The All-Unclear

THERE ARE so many baffling items in Washington these days that it is always a little difficult to know with which one should try to grope. (As the *New York Post* observed last week after the Eisenhower press conference, "The All-Unclear Sounds Again.") "Our foreign policy is indissolubly tied to the UN" . . . or is it? "We are going to fight inflation to the last gasp" . . . or are we? Well, anyway, the item that gets more and more curious is the Dulles explanation of why US newsmen can't go to Red China. Originally the ban was represented as a lever to help get imprisoned Americans out of China. Now Dulles says that Peking wants to make the release of the prisoners a deal in exchange for our letting correspondents enter, and that this is diplomatic blackmail at its worst. Washington gnawed on this all week; even Eisenhower confessed he would have to clear it up when he next talked with the man whom he calls "the greatest Secretary of State of our time." Here is a case of "blackmail" in which the person being blackmailed gets two rewards! Damn clever, these Chinese. The story of the flaccid American press response is entertaining. One or two bold newspapers protested the ban from the start, but this implied dangerous criticism of the Administration. Courageous reporters went into China and now the Newspaper Publishers Association backs them up. With the trend pretty clear even the timorous ASNE (American Society of Newspaper Editors) may any day now fall in with the public opinion it is supposed to lead.

T.R.B.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

FEBRUARY 18, 1957

THE WEEK 3

Blackmail?; 1/3 x 1/3 = Paralysis; Sinai Guarantees; How To Help Gomulka; Outbid the Soviets?; Boom or Bump; Of Schools and Filibusters; Oil Prices—Confidential; Osborn's Puppet Show on Dulles Diplomacy

ARTICLES 10

The Superficial Aspect
by Gerald W. Johnson

You Too Can Be a Pundit
by Martha Gellhorn

Notes from Warsaw—II
by Gilbert A. Harrison

BOOKS AND COMMENT 17

Reviews: The Pitcher in the Rye; Pagan Spain; In Defense of Earth; Green with Beasts; New York City Folklore; As I Pass, O Manhattan Memoirs of Karolyi

LETTER FROM HAITI 21

VOL. 136, NO. 7, ISSUE 2203

Blackmail?

WHEN, FOR the first time in 17 years, one of the most sensible news analysts on the networks is told he may not broadcast the script he has prepared for that evening, routine explanations cannot be expected to satisfy the curious. In the case of Eric Sevareid's cancelled CBS newscast on February 7, it is explained that he was simply "too editorial" in his questioning of the State Department's ban on the entry of US newsmen to China. It is for CBS to ponder its own fine distinction between comment that informs and comment that takes a position, but it is for all of us to face up to the hush-hush anxiety toward anything concerning China which was clearly responsible for Sevareid's being silenced.

What Sevareid actually did in his suppressed script was to cite an editorial proposal by the Long Island daily, *Newsday,* for systematic press conference procedures which would enable Washington correspondents to get to the bottom of controversies. For example, wrote Sevareid, had it been possible to pursue Secretary Dulles far enough at his last press conference there "would have been a few questions like these."

> Since the Secretary admits the reporting from China would not necessarily be favorable to the Red regime, what quid would they get for their quo? If this would be paying a "price," as the Secretary puts it, how do you get the prisoners released without paying any price?

Of all the networks, CBS has shown singular initiative by broadcasting reports on China from William Worthy, correspondent of the *Afro-American* newspapers who defied the State Department ban, by the editorial latitude accorded Edward R. Murrow, and by airing Sevareid's own interview with Worthy on February 10—itself more persuasive than anything Sevareid could have said himself. It is, therefore, all the more ironic that CBS should have funked carrying Sevareid's February 7 remarks. CBS Washington news editor James G. Roper (who first raised doubts about Sevareid's script) assures us that no pressure from the State Department was involved. But what is "pressure"? It is a force in the atmosphere, and on the China question it presses down on all newsmen and news media. The effect is to smother full and frank discussion of what is a major, unsolved problem for American diplomacy.

In the tug-of-war between the State Department and the employers of Worthy and *Look*'s Edmund Stevens (who also defied the ban on travel to China), overt government pressure can be measured. In its statement last week demanding an open hearing on the threatened revocation of Stevens' passport, *Look* (which is Republican-owned) made it clear that the Administration applied constant pressure for the recall from China of Stevens and his photographer, Philip Harrington, two weeks ahead of schedule. Further, as we reported on January 14, *Afro-American* editor Cliff McKay was invited to hear Assistant Secretary of State Robertson's explanation of the Department's ban, in the course of which Robertson

Correspondence

► *The Academy and Liberals*

IN writing "It's Smart to Be a Liberal," to which Mr. Irving Howe provided a rebuttal (*NR*, Jan. 7), my purpose was to hit the conscience of self-righteous and intolerant intellectuals in the academic world, especially those who call themselves liberals. But judging from the screams he let out, I hit some other part of Mr. Howe's anatomy. In the space allotted me I shall try again, using different methods and concentrating on Mr. Howe alone.

"All institutional life," Mr. Howe tells us, " . . . tends to generate inner patterns of conformity and complacence." I conceded this in my original article, which was by no means confined to liberals. But Mr. Howe seems to think that this characteristic of institutional life is as good an excuse for liberal tyranny as it is for any other tyranny. It

(*Continued on page 22*)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

told me he didn't have the confidence in Worthy's objectivity that I seemed to have. I asked him, "Are you saying he's a Communist?" He got fussed about that and said "No." But that was what it amounted to, wasn't it? He was implying he wasn't loyal to America. He admitted he had never even met Bill Worthy.

Since the travel ban cannot stand on its own merits, Mr. Dulles is grasping for semantical straws with which to support what is insupportable. He has apparently forgotten that only a short time ago the State Department was saying that for newsmen *not* to go to China was the only remaining trump we held in playing for the release of the ten US prisoners. So insistently was the argument advanced in these terms that *Editor and Publisher* as late as December 29 charged that the Administration "has made US newspapermen pawns of our foreign policy." Now Dulles at his press conference last week tells us that the Chinese Communists

have said in effect that they want to have certain American correspondents come to Communist China and will hold Americans in jail until we allow them to come.

★

In other words, as TRB observes on page two, "here is a case of blackmail in which the person being blackmailed gets two rewards." Granted that the Chinese are looking after their own interests, must we deny ourselves the achievement of two worthy US objectives—the release of US prisoners and the entry of US newsmen—simply because Secretary Dulles thinks he has been outmaneuvered?

Aside from this ludicrous gambit, Dulles upsets well-known precedent when he maintains that the US cannot stoop to make concessions to win the release of Americans imprisoned in a Communist country lest this be regarded as "profitable business." In the case of businessman Robert Vogeler, who had, as Sevareid puts it, "prominent and powerful friends who kept fierce pressures on the State Department until a deal was arranged," the US agreed in May, 1951, to lift its ban on travel by US citizens in Hungary as a condition set by the Hungarian regime for Vogeler's release. Similarly, when a US C-47 transport plane was forced down over Hungary in November, 1951, four US fliers interned in Communists jails were each "fined" $30,000, which the US paid to get them freed.

Before the present controversy is ended we can count on extended legal battles in which important issues affecting freedom of the press and indeed our basic constitutional right to travel will be thoroughly aired. The test case will in all likelihood be *Look*'s demand for an open hearing on Stevens' passport revocation. Lawyers will be watching to see not only whether an open hearing is granted but whether the State Department observes the 5th Amendment with its guarantee of due process. The *Look*-Stevens case may at long last provide a test of the Department's assumption—in Democratic as well as Republican Administrations—that the Secretary has absolute power to restrict freedom of movement, not only of newspapermen but of all of us.

1/3 x 1/3 = Paralysis

A NEAR paralysis grips the UN General Assembly, recalling a similar crisis in the Security Council 10 years ago. Then Russian vetoes were the cause. Now it is a balance of power in which both the Asian-African group and the Western bloc can wield a veto whenever they line up on opposite sides.

The arithmetic of this situation was demonstrated on both the Algerian and Israeli disputes. With 78 nations attending the current Assembly and all "important questions" requiring a two-thirds vote, it takes only 27 votes to veto. The combination of 27 Asian-African members, often joined by nine Communist bloc votes, exercises one veto. The 20 Western European-British Commonwealth votes, often joined by 20 Latin American members, constitutes a second veto.

When the Security Council was paralyzed in 1947 on such issues as peace treaties, satellite elections and the partition of Korea, the solution was to transfer these debates to the General Assembly. Now that a similar deadlock strangles the Assembly, diplomats have turned to negotiating through secret diplomacy, off the floor of the Assembly.

The Algerian case is an example. An Arab-Asian resolution, co-sponsored by 18 members, called on France to hold free elections in Algeria, supervised by the UN, and permitting the resulting Algerian Government the ultimate choice of national independence. France rejected these terms. An opposing resolution, backed by 19 Latin American members, would call upon France and the Algerians to settle their differences outside the UN. The first week of debate demonstrated that both sides could

THE NEW REPUBLIC

1244 NINETEENTH ST. N.W., WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

GILBERT A. HARRISON, *Editor and Publisher*
MICHAEL STRAIGHT, *Editor-at-Large*
HELEN FULLER, *Managing Editor*

Robert Evett, *Book Editor* — Selig S. Harrison, *Assoc. Editor*
Donald Malcolm, *Staff Writer* — Irvin Shapiro, *Design*
Lucille Davis, *Copy Asst.* — F. R. Ruskin, *Admin. Asst.*

Published weekly and Copyrighted, 1957 in the USA by The New Republic, Inc. Phone: REpublic 7-8656. Entered as second-class matter September 26, 1950, at the post office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Single copy, 20c; Yearly subscription, $7.00; Foreign, $8.00; Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Please include both old and new addresses.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

command the 27 votes to veto; hence no substantive decision could be made at this time.

A stalemate also arose over the Arab-Asian proposal to invoke sanctions against Israel. When the US let it be known it opposed a vote at this time, and was joined by India, the Western bloc found it could mobilize a veto. The Secretary General then exercised his influence to prevent the showdown.

Regardless of the right or wrong in these cases, it is clear that bloc voting in the General Assembly works against that flexibility, accommodation and peaceful adjustment of disputes for which the UN was established. Henceforth, effective diplomacy must be screened from public view.

But the trend toward clandestine talk poses hazards both to the UN and to the men who conduct American foreign policy.

For the UN the charge will be increasingly advanced that it is a do-nothing body. The prospect is one of dwindling prestige for the UN, even though the role of the Secretary General may be more important than ever.

For the men who conduct American foreign policy the shift also poses problems. To publicize discussion would be to endanger the goals they seek. Yet to fall back on secrecy will arouse the suspicion that they are concealing inactivity and avoiding responsibility.

Hence the Secretary of State and our diplomats will increasingly be judged not by what they say but by the results they achieve. Will Mr. Dulles' policies, for example, result in solutions in the Middle East—in Israeli withdrawal, in navigational guarantees for the canal and Aqaba, in the cessation of hostile acts by both Israel and Egypt? Likewise in Algeria, will Mr. Dulles' efforts bring about a gradual accommodation between French and Algerian views? These are harsh tests, implying decisive American influence in situations where in fact our role may be marginal. The test of results may be too harsh (did Mr. Acheson lose China?), but have we any other?

Sinai Guarantees

THE US was right to oppose sanctions against Israel (which in fact we did quietly at the UN), even though Israel was defying the UN Charter. A vote of sanctions would harden Arab intransigence and impede a settlement between Israel and Egypt. The only just framework for the current negotiations was laid down by Secretary General Hammarskjold in his report of February 2 when he called for strict adherence to the 1949 armistice by both countries. Israel and Egypt have signed the armistice; hence there is no need for a new agreement. But Israel's troops are now in violation. And Egypt has flaunted the agreement for years by blockading Aqaba, closing Suez to Israeli ships, and organizing fedayeen raids.

"How dare you disregard our instructions!"

Israel demands guarantees against the resumption of hostile acts by Egypt because there is no indication whatever that Egypt means to abide by the armistice. Only two-sided sanctions would be fair, therefore, and such a plan could not obtain the necessary votes in the United Nations.

Is it possible that the deadlock can be broken by the declaration of the US, in association with any other nations it can win over, to guarantee Israel's right of innocent passage through Aqaba, and the security—both ways—of the Israel-Egypt borders?

How To Help Gomulka

WE STAND ready, Mr. Eisenhower pledged some months ago, to help Poland. Mr. Dulles has twice renewed that pledge. But up until this week, the only help we've offered is permission for the Poles to buy our surplus farm products for dollars. And dollars are precisely what Poland lacks and wants. It is the immediate need for dollars and what they can purchase—raw materials, up-to-date equipment for the coal mines, food, agricultural machinery—that brings a four-member Polish trade delegation to Washington this month. At stake is the political stability of the Gomulka regime and its

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

promise of national independence and wider personal freedom.

Poland is still sustained in large measure by trade within the Soviet orbit: about 40 percent of its trade is with the Soviet Union, another 30 percent with other Communist countries. It relies on the USSR for needed raw materials—iron ore, leather, wheat. Is it necessary to labor the point that both Polish and American national interests are served by decreasing this dependence?

Apparently not, if the present attitude of the chairman of the House Foreign Affairs Committee reflects Congressional and popular reaction. For Rep. Thomas Gordon (D, Ill.), who is himself of Polish extraction, says he is for economic aid "all the way." But if the will is there, what of the way? Fortunately, Laurie Battle of Alabama is no longer in the Congress, but the Battle Act lives on—a legislative meat cleaver entirely unsuitable for the delicate surgical operations of this post-Stalin era. That Act dictates that no financial assistance may be given a country which ships strategic materials to Communist nations. How will the State Department get around that, without imposing political conditions that no Polish Government could accept without endangering its survival?

We must assume that the State Department, before inviting the Polish trade delegation to Washington, believed it could satisfy Polish requirements without running afoul of the law.

Outbid the Soviets?

TWO RECENT episodes in Syria illustrate the continuing problem of Communist economic competition.

In mid-January the Syrian Government seized 170,000 tons of crude oil from Iraqi Petroleum Company tanks at Banias, Syria, and called for foreign tankers to move the oil along the Mediterranean coast to the Syrian refinery at Tripoli. Russia offered two tankers, the Western nations none. So the Russians got the job. The comment of Western oil representatives: "Let them pay the cash the Russians demanded and get a taste of doing business with Communists."

Similarly, when Syria asked foreign bids on construction of an oil refinery at Homs, a Czech Government corporation, publicly subsidized, submitted the low bid, and no Western Government was willing to underwrite a lower bid. Again the comment of Western oil representatives was self-assuring: Egyptian engineers, they said, had toured Czech plants and concluded the Communists could not build a modern catalytic cracking plant which would satisfy Syrian specifications.

Episodes like these expose deeply divided opinion regarding economic warfare with the Communist bloc—the same division which appeared earlier in the Aswan Dam decision, and before that in the debate over Burma's rice surplus, which finally went to the Communists. Isn't it necessary, one school contends, that the underdeveloped countries get their fingers burned with Communist trade deals?

But another rejoins: can we afford to let the Communists get a foothold in oil distribution in Syria, and make Syria permanently dependent upon Communist spare parts and technical assistance for a major refinery? Such arrangements are not easily terminated. Granted, the first group replies, but if we try to outbid the Soviets, how do we avoid the kind of endless bargaining Nasser resorted to in the case of the Aswan Dam?

Our experience in Burma supports the let-them-sink-or-swim approach. In 1954 Burma told the US that unless she had Western help in disposing of her rice surplus, she would have to turn to the Communists. The US declined help. So Burma sold her entire surplus for two crop years to the Communist bloc. Within 18 months the Burmese cabinet concluded Burma was unable to find the Communist barter goods it needed; deliveries were of poor quality, and Communist trade was drastically curtailed. The Indonesian Government recently made a similar decision to curtail its Communist bloc trade because of dissatisfactions.

But the question is, are these precedents in relatively-calm Southwest Asia valid in the explosive Middle East?

Boom or Bump

IF YOU ARE slightly confused over what is in store for the national economy, you're not to be blamed. In the last month the nation has been treated to the following:

Treasury Secretary George Humphrey warns there will be a "depression that will curl your hair" if taxes cannot be reduced.

Herbert Hoover warns there will be an equally hair-curling depression if the rise in prices does not stop, which is quite a different thing.

President Eisenhower says a depression can't happen.

Commerce Secretary Sinclair Weeks says a depression isn't even "remotely close," which is quite a feat even for an imaginary depression.

The President says we'll have to have price controls unless business and labor co-operate to stop prices from rising.

Mr. Weeks says the government has no intention of imposing controls.

Federal Reserve Chairman William Martin says the reason prices rose last year was that the government wasn't tough enough with its anti-inflation budget and tight money policies.

The President says in his economic report that it would be too risky to toughen these policies any further.

What are the real facts and prospects? The great majority of private economists, including most of those testifying this month before the Congressional Joint Economic Committee, would agree on these conclusions:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1. No depression is in sight. Mr. Humphrey's fears are quite unwarranted. So are Mr. Hoover's. Although speculative inflations of the past have sometimes led to slumps, this—to the extent it is an inflation at all—is of a different variety.

2. Obviously the nation cannot have in store both inflation and depression at the same time.

3. The chances for this year are about equal between a continuation of the boom with some further creeping up of prices, and a mild setback in the boom with the price rise halting for a while.

Of Schools and Filibusters

EISENHOWER Republicans, liberal Democrats, Sam Rayburn and Lyndon Johnson are agreed on a general plan of action in this Congress which may result in reasonably acceptable legislation on both school aid and civil rights. When the two issues became entwined through the Powell Amendment in the last Congress, both were allowed to die. This year Rayburn and Johnson, along with the liberal Democrats and the Administration, are resolved that a school building program will pass. The only way to accomplish this, they believe, is to bring up civil rights first and dispose of that question before the school-aid bill comes up.

Speaker Rayburn has issued orders to House Democrats to report the President's moderate four-point civil-rights program out of the Rules Committee and pass it. It is assumed that this will be done. It is hoped that, having thus registered their belief in these principles, those civil-rights advocates who also sincerely want a school-building program will then feel free to vote for the school bill without a "Powell Amendment." To pass a school bill with such a ban on funds for segregated schools is to consign it to sure death in the Senate. In that form the bill almost certainly would get no farther than Sen. Lister Hill's (D, Ala.) Welfare Committee. A bill minus a Powell Amendment, however, would be favorably reported to the Senate and probably passed.

Knowing that the civil-rights fight will erupt in the Senate sooner or later this session, Johnson has agreed for it to be sooner. This way the school bill will have its chance. He hopes, and expects, that his fellow Southerners will filibuster the civil-rights bill to death—as usual. But, given the advantage of the early start, the civil-rights supporters could win. If the 64 votes required to close debate are not obtainable, they are numerous enough and vigorous enough to hold the Senate in continuous session for as long as it takes to exhaust the filibusters.

Next Week

HAROLD R. ISAACS

"How We 'See' The Communist Chinese"

Oil Prices—Confidential

ONE OF the less well-known uses of government secrecy came flittingly to light on February 6 during a hearing of the O'Mahoney subcommittee investigating the oil industry. It was the end of a long day. Many of the reporters had already drifted from the Senate Caucus Room. The klieg lights had clicked off, dousing the huge chamber with grayness. Felix Wormser, Assistant Secretary of the Interior, was in the witness chair. Behind him, briefcases ajar, sat a covey of aides.

Senator Kefauver, probing for possible collusion in the recent petroleum price hikes, suddenly waved aloft a mimeographed document. It was the minutes of the Middle East Emergency Committee's September 19 meeting which Wormser had attended. MEEC is the combination of oil giants who have been permitted to pool their resources without fear of antitrust prosecution. In return they are supposed to ship Western Europe 500,000 barrels of crude oil per day, which they haven't.

The September 19 minutes showed clearly, and perhaps incriminatingly, that MEEC even then had discussed price increases. But equally intriguing was the fact that the minutes were carefully tagged "classified." Kefauver demanded to know why.

Wormser, hastily conferring with his aides, yielded the microphone to Hugh Stewart, director of the Interior Department's Office of Oil and Gas. A long-time employee of the Texas Company, Stewart had been a shaky witness earlier. Now he testified: "We classified them confidential in the beginning, but we have since withdrawn that classification. . . . They have been declassified."

The minutes were then duly entered in the record, and Kefauver relaxed.

Two days later, however, a reporter calling Stewart's office was informed that declassification was still "in process." No one could tell him the precise date of the order to declassify, although by now excerpts from the minutes were beginning to appear in the press. At least one staff member of the O'Mahoney subcommittee suggested privately that declassification had occurred during Wormser's anxious conference with his aides, one second or two after Kefauver evinced curiosity about it.

Considered in the light of historic precedent, the episode is revealing.

In 1951, the Federal Trade Commission drew up a devastating 378-page report entitled "The International Petroleum Cartel." That time it was the Central Intelligence Agency that came to the aid of the oil boys with a timely classification order. The cartel document kicked around Washington for a year before Senators Hennings and Sparkman were successful in getting the "secret" stamp removed.

Moral: It takes a heap o' drillin' to strike an oil secret.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

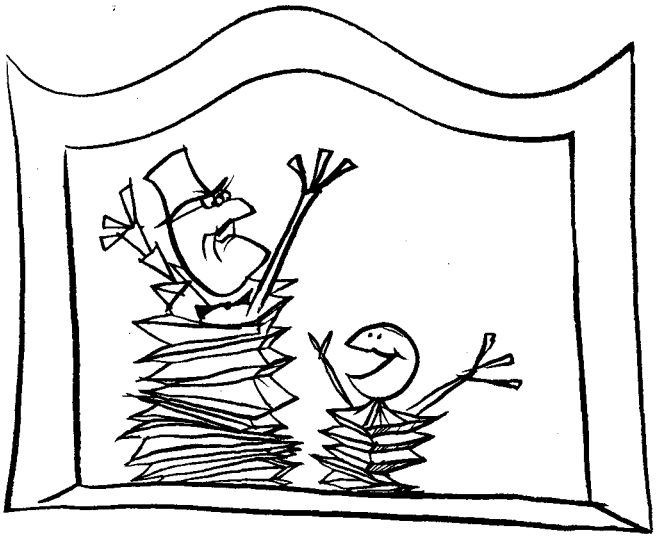
Osborn's PUPPET SHOW

ON DULLES DIPLOMACY

"Who is this fellow Fulbright?"

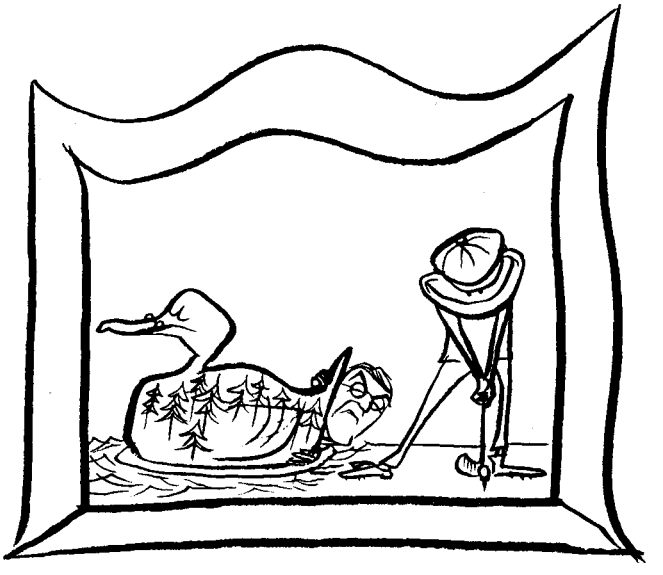
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

1. Brinksmanship

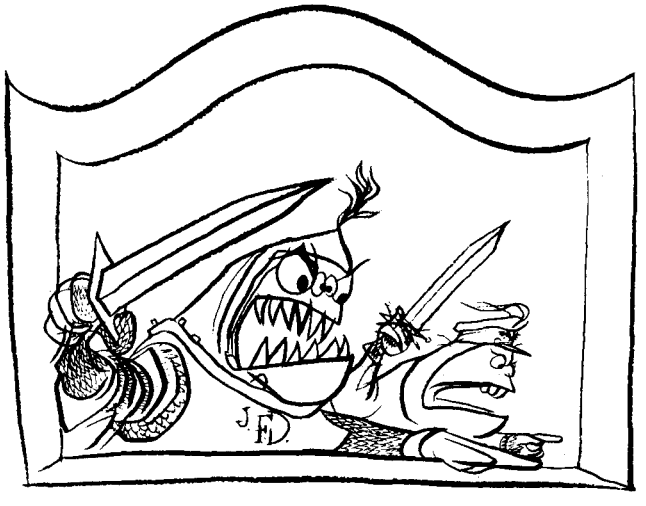


2. Good News from the Mideast

3. Leading Our Allies



4. "Duck up to Duck Island"



5. Emergency!

6. "Take It to the UN"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Superficial Aspect

The High Moral Tone

JAMES RESTON, bubbling with enthusiasm, said in the *New York Times* that the way Mrs. Charles E. Wilson called Ike's hand in the National Guard affair was the nicest thing that has happened in Washington since Bess Truman told Harry to watch his language. Mr. Reston had something there, but one nicer thing could have happened—Mr. Wilson could have resigned on the spot.

The nicest part of that would not have been the elimination of the Secretary of Defense. It would have been finding someone quitting this Administration on a point of honor, and not in order to avoid or to cover up a stink. Wilson told the truth about draft-dodgers who rushed into the National Guard hoping to escape Korea, whereupon the President publicly called the statement unwise and made without thought.

That was enough, but worse was behind it. Just a few days earlier the Secretary of State had made a remark that seemed to be an unwarranted reflection on the courage of British and French soldiers. But did the President call that unwise and thoughtless? He did not. On the contrary, he said that Dulles is the greatest Secretary of State in history, thereby sweeping under the rug Thomas Jefferson, John Quincy Adams, Daniel Webster and William H. Seward.

So it seems that when Wilson gets out of line he is unwise and thoughtless; but when Dulles gets a great deal further out of line, he is a great man. If that isn't harsh discrimination, what is it? If Wilson had resented it to the point of quitting his job, the act might have been foolish, but it would not have been snide, and it certainly would not have been smelly.

Back in the old days, before the moral tone of Washington had been elevated by substituting Republican for Democratic jobholders, men were always quitting or being fired for reasons that had no evil smell at all. From the time when Moley pulled out because he didn't like the direction the New Deal was taking, to the time when Truman bounced Henry Wallace for denouncing an Administration policy in a public address, many men departed suddenly for reasons that were no reflection on their ethical standards. But the last man who has quit this Administration on such a point was Martin Durkin, and that happened so long ago that it has been forgotten.

The Democrats, with their low moral tone, regarded an influence-peddler as a rogue, and their idea of handling a rogue was to give him the boot. Once, and only once, they caught an official ranking as high as an assistant to the Attorney-General using his office for personal profit, and they threw him down the front steps amid an uproar that woke the babies in Baltimore.

But things are different in the purer moral atmosphere that now bathes Washington. When in long succession a chairman of the National Committee, a chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission, a chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, a Secretary of the Air Force and a Secretary of the Army are charged with using their official positions to line their pockets in a way that makes the unlamented assistant to the Attorney-General look like the smallest of pikers, never a harsh word is spoken. We are asked to believe that they are noble characters, only slightly misguided, and they are let go with silver trays, with medals, with honorary reviews, with eulogies on White House stationery. Far from being kicked they are, as Truman put it, "kissed on both cheeks."

An elevated moral tone is a wonderful thing!

Roosevelt canned his Secretary of Commerce ruthlessly, but it was because he needed the job for Henry Wallace, not because there was any suspicion that Jesse Jones was making a private profit out of the office, nor even that, like Hobby, he had been asleep on the job. Dean Acheson quit government service as a protest against devaluation of the dollar, not because he had been advising government on one hand and private contractors dealing with government on the other, like the Dixon-Yates man.

MANY Democrats quit the government in wrath, some in chagrin, a few in genuine despair, but only one high-ranking official quit it in shame. And his shame was broadcast to a scandalized world; the immoral Democrats had not discovered the use of official goose-grease to palliate stenches. They knew only one way to sweeten the atmosphere and that was to eject the stinker from the premises.

How different it is now that the moral tone of Washington has been elevated! Not only is the grease-barrel inexhaustible, but once the misguided character has been duly greased at the White House, the one-party press can be relied to stand by with rose-water in gallon buckets to drench him in case any slight fetor should continue to permeate the air.

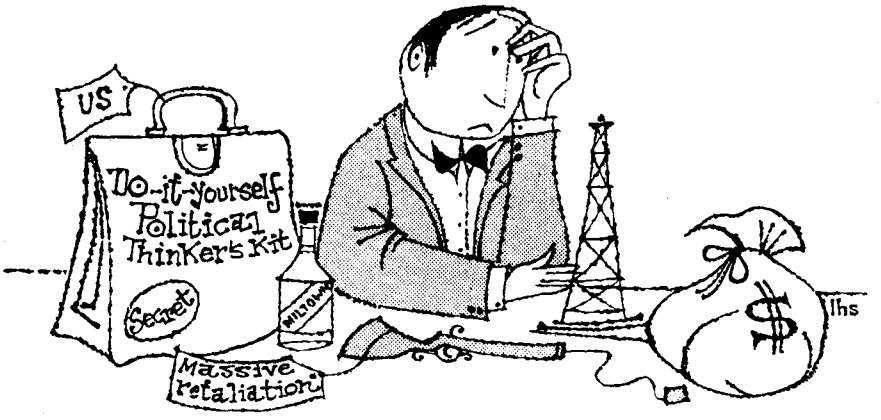
Still, there are some people who remain hard to convince that all is sweetness and light—for example, Mrs. Wilson—and who insist on injecting candor, apparently never seeing how ruinous it can be to a high moral tone.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You Too Can Be a Pundit

(or, Do-It-Yourself Political Thinking)



by MARTHA GELLHORN

I DO NOT see why every American, or any American, should not now become a Political Thinker. In view of the general low level of professional political thinking, it would seem to be a career wide open to amateurs.

We have certainly no reason whatever to believe that our official political thinking is revealed religion, judging by results; nor is there cause to imagine that our leaders are guided by Voices, and that the White House and the State Department are either the Delphic Oracle or the Burning Bush. And amateur Political Thinkers might, in their youthful excitement, express themselves in plain, coarse language which would be a welcome change.

Anyone can do it. Or anyone can try, which is all the professionals do. The professionals have "sources" which are not open to the amateurs; the professionals read Top Secret meaning Fairly Confidential documents which they send around among themselves, and they talk to each other at High Level Conferences. The amateur has newspapers and other forms of public communication, the amateur has all his like-minded or opposing friends, and every bar can easily become a little Geneva.

I hereby submit, to fellow amateurs, some Political Thinking.

MARTHA GELLHORN, *novelist and magazine writer, is a correspondent for* The New Republic *in England.*

When are the British going to notice that the US Government all but kicked out their Prime Minister? Of course there were contributory causes, not least of which was Sir Anthony Eden's ill health. (In Europe, which is a backward area, if a man has a grave operation and weakened physical resistance, his doctors do not say that he is much stronger because of this; they say that he is not. Since Europeans are poor, and therefore practical, they expect their public servants to work all the time or make room for someone who has the health to stand the gaff. That is a long parenthesis.) The fact is that Eden has departed and Dulles remains. Eden was not going to get that essential invitation for a chat at the White House because everyone around the White House is cross with Eden. Now reports come in that the White House *et al.* are pleased with Eden's successor, and Mr. Dulles likes Mr. Macmillan best of anybody. The British may begin to brood on this and ask themselves whether they enjoy having their Prime Minister's fate depend so much on US Government approval. Looking back over the last 10 years, there seems to be a long record of the US Government helping to kick the British out of where they were, without consoling rewards for the British, and without the US Government bothering to replace what was kicked out. The British might begin to make a mental picture of the Anglo-American Alliance as a giant boot, which is the US, and a relatively smaller bottom, which is Britain.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Middle East

The waiting world has now been told of the Eisenhower Doctrine. The waiting world might wonder what is the use of a Doctrine which does not mention the active cause of all the trouble, but only says very grandlike that it is going to prevent something that has not happened. Most amateur people have understood that the central issue in the Middle East is Israel and the Arab States. Many have different explanations for what is wrong, and why, and what to do about it, but all are convinced that so long as the Arab leaders think Israelis belong in the sea, there will be no order in the Middle East. People speak of Israel quite openly, everywhere, but the US Government seems to be shy of that name, or embarrassed. Why the Arab leaders wish to push the Israelis into the sea is another matter, and many believe that the Israelis are nothing but whipping-boys for the Arab leaders who have to give their people something to be good and mad at, or else their people might be good and mad at their own Arab leaders and at their own lives. But surely the US Government must put first things first and from there work to second things second and so on. The Israelis of course expect nothing so logical and possibly effective, for they are well aware that they possess no oil. On the other hand, oil has to be paid for, so the Arab leaders do not have it entirely their way. Instead of talking about Marines, who anyhow are not meant to appear except in unlikely contingencies and when asked for by the very people who will not, by then, want them, wouldn't it be better Doctrine if the US Government thought and talked hard about Israel and the Arab states, emphasizing the fact that the Israelis are on land to stay. Other whipping-boys could be found for the Arab leaders, such as poverty, ignorance and an inadequate supply of water.

The United Nations

Lately the United Nations appears to have become a Sacred Cow in America, which is a new and interesting condition for the United Nations. On the whole, a love of Sacred Cows interferes with thinking about facts. The US Government could remind the American people who exactly makes up the United Nations, and how many of the member Nations are honorable God-fearing secret-ballot democracies, and how many are anything but. It is not possible to rely on a Parliament of Nations to do the noble things that secret-ballot democracies consider correct, if a great number, nearly a majority, of that Parliament do not even consider secret-ballots correct. The United Nations can do nothing to protect the people of Hungary from cruel slaughter by a foreign power. The United Nations can, very late and with much wangling, pass a resolution; but nary a United Nations inquirer may enter Hungary, even to do something so modest as ask questions. Meantime there are Hungarians, whose condition must cause all men of good will to sleep poorly and feel their souls sick with shame. The United Nations cannot help the Hungarians nor us, because a powerful United Nations member objects. For years the UN Mixed Truce Commission has been unable to stop the nagging, destructive Arab attacks on Israel and therefore has been unable to stop the Israeli reprisals. Even now, after all the schemozzle, the daily Arab raids, from Jordan into Israel this time, have started again. Israel protests; nothing happens. Israel masses troops on the Jordan frontier, since Israel must protect itself if the UN can't. Jordan protests; Mr. Hammarskjold calls a meeting. This is the form of the *status quo ante*. If the United Nations cannot do a small job—policing the Israel-Arab frontiers—nor a large job—calling Russia to account in Hungary—but can only force obedience on that limited group of secret-ballot nations who are, relatively in a sinful world, good boys anyhow, is the United Nations quite the Sacred Cow which Americans now think it? Perhaps more realism and less prayerful hope would be the most sensible attitude which the US Government could take towards the United Nations.

In conclusion (this is not full-scale Political Thinking but only a trial balloon, a phrase I have learned from Political Thinkers), what about money? Money is what we Americans have got. Money is about all anybody wants from us, since they cannot rely on our Political Thinking which is not conspicuous for avoiding or solving dangerous muddles. We do give money, and truckloads of it. But do we give it right? If so, it is odd that money seems to have accomplished so little. Or perhaps money is not much good unless it is used as a guided missile, with solid principles and careful plans to direct it. If the money is not guided but simply handed out as nervous bribes, first a bit here, then a bit there (and then switch the bribes and scold some of the bribe-receivers) it would seem to create havoc. Far from being loved for generosity, the money-bags come to be regarded as a menace. And money, with moralizing, appears to be the most futile cure-all that exists.

Foreigners, who never see our point of view, are apt to feel that the American national motto is: "God's in his Heaven, all's right with America." We cannot hope to be understood by the definitely hostile foreigners. But whatever the friendlier foreigners may think of God, they are pretty sure all's not right with them, and they are not completely sold on the idea that all's right with America except for being undeniably rich. The friendlier foreigners might prefer to be treated less like poor relations or shocking nuisances, and more like people with whopping problems and a strong desire to survive. America has no corner on the instinct of self-preservation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes From Warsaw—II

The Polish Road Is Heavily Mined

by GILBERT A. HARRISON

THE MORE ARDENT supporters of Wladyslaw Gomulka with whom I talked in Warsaw last month see themselves as pioneering the new frontier of "national Communism"; they have the pioneer's self-confidence, but they have too the pioneer's alertness to danger. It seemed to me that many of them are suspended between faith and fear: faith that Poles can hack out their own path to socialism; fear that nature (or the Russians) might conspire to defeat them.

The fears, at any rate, are not fantasies. One hears of the "Natolin group" (called Natolin because its leaders meet in a building—once a Masonic Lodge—that is located in the village of Natolin, a short distance from Warsaw). These are the Party members who suspect Gomulka's orthodoxy, who fear that the appetite for freedom will grow on a diet of freedom and that Gomulka's policy of relaxation will lead to the swallowing up of the Party itself.

For the time being, Gomulka's January 20th election triumph has shoved the "Natolin group" into the wings. But for how long can Gomulka hold his audience? Will he, to mention only one problem, be able to prevent those fired from the Party or governmental apparatus from forming an anti-Gomulka fifth column? The paid Party bureaucracy has already been pruned back; further cuts are promised. The meanist critics of Franklin Roosevelt said he didn't dare, politically, to remove people from the federal payroll. Dare Gomulka?

And not only jobs, but privileges too may be lost: the better apartment (and apartments are scarce), membership in that exclusive club for Party officials or preferred intellectuals, the right to vacation in that place set apart for those who are high on the socialist ladder.

(Comments one Pole who has not climbed high: "In the summer, the best vacation spots have not been for us; they were reserved. In a capitalist society you can sometimes crash the gate if you make enough money, but here even money would not help.")

The Russians

It is this confounded Polish map . . .
It is unwise to tease the Ruskies today—
lines of verse in a Polish journal, January, 1957

For its New Year's issue, a Polish publication invited cartoonists to submit drawings illustrating their hopes or expectations for the next 12 months. One cartoonist submitted a standard postcard picture of the Palace of Culture in Warsaw—Stalin's gift to the Poles after the war. (It is the biggest and perhaps the coldest structure I have ever seen). But the postcard picture had been re-touched by the cartoonist—the architectural gingerbread had been brushed out, the whole building simplified. The cartoon was run—without comment.

No one can say the Poles are not behaving correctly toward the Russians. And yet all the official Soviet-Polish declarations of friendship, that have been or will be written, cannot entirely mask the underlying suspicion, if not contempt, that Poles have for Russians.

(Polish story: When Malenkov returned to Moscow from his goodwill visit to Britain, he was met at the Moscow airport by Bulganin. Smiling broadly, Malenkov descended from the plane. "And why are you smiling," asked Bulganin, "you are home?")

Recently, as reported by the well-informed *New York*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Times correspondent, Sydney Gruson, the monthly organ of the Soviet Communist Party, *Kommunist*, has criticized "revisionist" tendencies in something published by the Polish paper *Po Prostu*. To which the Poles replied: "Some publicists think themselves particularly privileged, authorized to teach others without an attempt at intellectual argument." What kind of back-talk is this? From Poles, from Communists? If the doctrinal infallibility of the True Church of the Kremlin begins to be doubted in this manner, what becomes of "socialist solidarity"?

Of course, Poles are not publicly calling Russians blockheads. There are simply some differences in ideological interpretation. And in expressing those differences, Poles are managing to raise some fundamental questions about the meaning of Leninism, often phrasing these doubts in the prescribed Soviet jargon. "In the Soviet Union," one observer notes,

> the pre-revolutionary Westernized intelligentsia has largely been liquidated. In Poland, where it was even more profoundly Westernized, it survived the relatively brief period of Communist rule and promptly took the opportunity offered to it by the de-Stalinization campaign. The historical roots of Polish individualism are anyhow in sharp contrast to the traditions of Russian autocracy. It was inevitable that the relaxation of thought-control should result in an invasion of the carefully guarded doctrinal sphere.

The Independent spirit shows in little things. On January 20, the Polish Party paper, *Trybuna Ludu*, reported that

> two days ago the traditional uniforms of non-commissioned officers and sailors of the Navy were restored, to the satisfaction of the local population. According to the order of the Minister of National Defense, the naval officers do not wear stars on their shoulder straps, but the former distinction marks on their sleeves.

Polish sailors in *Polish*, not Russian, uniforms. No doubt the change met with "the satisfaction of the local population."

But Polish attitudes can be ambivalent. A Polish intellectual speaks frankly: "I recently talked with one of the editors of *Pravda* who was in Warsaw" (this with an expression of "oh, how we must suffer fools"). "He knew all the slogans, but it was impossible to carry on an intelligent conversation. To him Marx and Lenin are gospel; he had no understanding of the need for flexibility in meeting new circumstances." There was a pause. "But still, technically, the Russians are amazing, you know. Look at how they have developed the Hydrogen Bomb!"

> (About the slogans. At a supper arranged for foreign newsmen by the Polish Association of Journalists, I talk with the *Tass* correspondent. "And are you satisfied with the election results in Poland?" I ask. The needle meets the groove: "The election is a victory for the solidarity of the socialist camp." That settles that.)

Will Life Be Easier?

Our economic position is good, but not hopeless—Po Prostu, October 7, 1956.

"Before October, they said 'Work, sacrifice—it is for your children'. But I want something for myself in *my* time." But even as he tells me this, the Pole knows that work and sacrifice will remain the order of the day. For "not even the greatest wizard," said Gomulka, "can pour water out of an empty jug." Before the January 20th national balloting, Gomulka told the electorate that he was "not in a position to say anything definite as to when it will be possible to find further means of raising the living standards of the working class." Adlai Stevenson might have been talking. Or Churchill.

The fact that Polish planning has not brought prosperity does not require statistics for proof—just an eye that takes in the street scenes, and compares them, not with incomparable America, but with Western Europe. Overworked transport (the bulge of bodies hanging onto overloaded streetcars); the overworked people (many supplementing income from regular jobs by outside labor); the under-stocked stores; the crowded, poorly lit and unpainted apartments. True, people seem warmly-enough dressed for January—especially the children of Warsaw and suburbs; bundled up securely— and wearing shoes! (That, said one Pole, is the supreme accomplishment: "today no child goes without shoes.")

Beggars? Starvation? Feet wrapped in rags? No—at least not in Warsaw. But then, the workers did not riot in Poznan because they couldn't feed their families.

Are people better or worse off than before World War II? I don't know. "Official" Poles say better off; others say not. The poorest are not as poor as they were, and the richer have much less than they had. But better is not good enough. Gomulka propaganda itself has created a "revolution of rising expectations."

There is a student, for example, who comes from a peasant family. He enters Warsaw University. He does not see himself as the son of a peasant, but as a town dweller. His needs are greater than they would have been had he remained in the country: more and better clothing, money for shows, books, transportation.

Ask the factory worker if he lives better now than before the war. He will probably say no. Why? Because it's true. The situation of the qualified factory worker, as well as that of the intellectuals and the middle class, *is* worse. Yet, paradoxically, consumption *per person* in Poland today compared with prewar consumption is higher—attributable in part to an increase in consumption in the countryside.

In the *London Observer* of January 13, 1957, a former leader of socialist youth in Poland (who had just re-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

visited Poland) thus describes the economic situation:

> Freedom, for the moment, has . . . removed the restraints on discontent without being able to cure the misery overnight. The miners no longer "volunteer" to work 18 Sundays a year (in addition to a normal six-day week) in order to "fulfill the plan." The papers daily report "incidents" in which factory workers, and particularly miners, get rid of unpopular managers, shockworkers and party officials—putting them on wheelbarrows, rolling them out of the gates and dumping them in the gutter. As coal production slumps, rail traffic has to be curtailed, and factories which do not produce either for consumption or export may have to be closed for lack of fuel. Other raw materials, too, are scarce, and there is a growing threat of unemployment. Unless the material situation improves, strikes and stoppages may spread throughout the country.

"We have not one, but three kinds of economic problems," a Polish economist explains. "The first is the result of the Six Year Plan which came into effect in 1950" [a plan which Gomulka now says "disappointed the hopes of the broad working masses"]. The Plan was inaugurated at the time of Korea. Essentially it called for a war economy. Industrialization was speeded up (in Eastern Europe as a whole, and not only in Poland) under the influence of the international situation.

> Now [this economist continues] we see that the program was too intensive, too rapid. It produced too limited investment in agriculture, and for that we are now paying not only in terms of internal consumption, but in our balance of payments abroad, since we must now import wheat and corn.

But he believes that not only was industrialization over-emphasized, but within the industrialization program itself there was a dangerous imbalance as between industries. To illustrate, although coal is one of Poland's major assets, state investment in coal production was insufficient. And although coal production did rise between 1950 and 1956, the fact is, as Gomulka told the 8th Plenary meeting of the Central Committee, "in relation to 1938, output per working day *per person* employed in the mining industry dropped in 1955 by 36 percent." You can only work men so hard, so long.

The Polish economy has been hurt, in the third place, by simple inefficiency. ("Our workers must work 20 times harder than your Detroit workers to produce one car," someone observes). In a highly centralized system, personal initiative and "socialist competition" counted for little. And national interests were too often subordinated to the demands of the Soviet Union. Coal, once again, was sold the Russians at prices *under* the world market—in effect, Poland was helping subsidize the Russian economy. (That now has changed, and last November the Russians reimbursed the Poles the difference between what they had paid for coal and what the world market would have brought.)

A ty, moj synu, jestes wierzacy kommunista czy tylko praktykujacy?

And you, my son . . . are you a [Communist] believer or a practicing Communist only?—*Szpilki*, Jan. 27, 1957.

And finally, Polish economic troubles—as analyzed by one economist—have been aggravated by what he calls "political difficulties." Simply put, the concentration on industrialization (and not always the right industries) has meant insufficient consumer goods. An average monthly salary in the manufacturing industry is about 1,350 zloteys. But a decent pair of shoes costs 300 zloteys. (If we translate this into American proportions, a factory worker earning $400 a month would have to pay $66 for a pair of shoes.)

Gomulka has announced that many past mistakes and injustices will be corrected. His 1957 investment program calls for a 13-percent increase in investment (over '56) in light industry, agriculture and foodstuffs. A seven percent increase in investment in the coal-mining industry and large increases in the power and building materials industries are also planned. Correspondingly, the '57 program includes sharp cuts in investment in heavy industries—engineering, oil, metallurgy.

But such plans will pay, if they do pay off, not next month, but next year—or even later. And Gomulka's problems are immediate and urgent. To take one example, workers must be satisfied that a "new deal" is in the making. On that confidence the political stability of the Gomulka regime may depend. But, in the absence of a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

significant increase in production, Gomulka cannot risk giving in to wage-increase demands which would accelerate inflation. How long can he retain public confidence?

Gomulka on the Farm

As of the first of this year, compulsory milk deliveries were abolished. A joint communique of the Central Committee of the United Workers Party (Communist) and the United Peasant Party, released on January 9, 1957, confirms that the land tax on large-scale farms is to be reduced; compulsory deliveries of 1957 grain crops is cut by one-third; the price paid for grain delivered within the framework of compulsory deliveries will be doubled; prices paid the farmers for other commodities (raw hides, sheep wool) are increased. A substantial increase in the delivery to the farmers of machines, agricultural tools, building materials is promised. The purchasing monopoly of the State in the fruit and vegetable trade is abolished. Increasingly, prices for farm products will be set by the market, and not by planners in Warsaw.

In his survey of Poland's agricultural economy, Gomulka has drawn attention to what he terms the "sad picture" of co-operative farms. "Despite great outlays, they had smaller results and greater production cost. . . . The difference [in over-all production per one hectare of arable land] between individual and co-operative farms amounts to 16.7 percent, while in comparison with State Farms [collectives], individual farm production was higher by 37.2 percent." The lesson has not been lost on those who, like Gomulka, believe that Poland's central task is to "produce more, cheaper and better."

The joining of co-operative farms, Gomulka announces, must in the future be voluntary, and "the members of the co-operatives govern themselves." But "in order to build co-operative farms we need creative and progressive thinking, which is the monopoly of no party and no single man." Gomulka goes even further and asks what seems to me a remarkable question for a Communist leader: "Why should not, for instance, the Catholic progressive movement compete with us in the search for forms, and their realization of co-operative farming? *It is a poor idea to maintain that only Communists can build socialism*, only people holding materialist social views!"

Answering the question of how the Gomulka approach to economic organization differs from that of the past, one of the government's economic brain-trusters suggests that today the trend is toward a *diminished* scope for planning, restricting it to basic things ("we shall no longer attempt to plan the production of pickled cucumbers"). In line with this, personnel of the State Planning Commission is to be reduced by one-half. "Also, the present trend is toward *decentralization* of planning, with all smaller industries making their own plans, and with prices fixed by the market." And third, the carrying out of economic programs "is to be based less on administrative commands and more on economic incentives—giving workers and management more authority in individual plants, extending the system of profit sharing, widening the private sector of the economy—not in terms of ownership, but in terms of management."

Now—Produce!

These are some of the signposts along the Gomulka "path to socialism." How far and how fast can Gomulka move down that path? The day after the election, *Po Prostu* ran a front-page editorial entitled: "What Will the Nation Expect from the Parliament in '57?" It listed 13 points:

1. Wiser capital-investment program with state funds (especially in coal), and perhaps with foreign credit, repaid with coal.
2. A change-over, as much as possible, from military production to the production of normal, consumer goods.
3. Shift manpower now employed inefficiently in industry to agriculture and to new types of production which could be initiated with a small outlay of capital.
4. Bring more private capital into Polish economic life, especially that private capital which is now frozen in foreign currencies. This can be done by creating conditions favorable to private trade and small industry. We should follow China's example.
5. A new housing program. Each person should be able to buy his own house with his own money. This also applies to apartments.
6. Expand trade relations with Western nations.
7. The new agricultural program should be efficiently and promptly implemented—that is the breaking up of the collectives, and the end of attacks on individual peasants who prosper.
8. Workers Councils should be developed in spite of the fact that the bureaucrats are trying to stop it.
9. Plan the economy in conformity with economic laws.
10. There should be another chamber of Parliament —a Chamber of Producers, which is to say a top legislative body for all Workers Councils.
11. Reduce the number of government agencies and in general reduce the government apparatus.
12. Rigid introduction of the principle of governmental responsibility to Parliament. Change the constitution in accordance with Polish national traditions, based on anti-Stalinist principles.
13. If representatives do not serve the voters' interests, there should be some means of recalling them.

That is the order submitted to Gomulka by the newspaper that helped, more than any other, to bring about the "October Revolution"—a paper pledged to socialism, and edited by a young man who reminds one that he remains "a firm Communist."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS & COMMENT

The Pitcher in the Rye

by Donald Malcolm

ALTHOUGH Mr. Harris has gone to some pains to disarm the critics in advance, by having his narrator announce on the dust jacket that the book isn't written—"in any style a-tall. I done extremely putrid in school"—he might have spared himself the effort. It would require the ugliest of misanthropes, nurtured on the precepts of the Marquis de Sade and trained in a school for umpires, to carp at this chronicle of the New York Mammoths. The novel may have its shortcomings, but it does, at least, provoke the sort of laughter that a grown man needn't be ashamed of, and that, as current fiction goes, is saying a great deal.

A Ticket For A Seamstitch, by Mark Harris (Knopf; $3).

The story is a slight one, but deftly and divertingly told through the person of Mr. Henry Wiggen, the Mammoth's star pitcher. Briefly put, it runs as follows. On opening day, Wiggen receives a letter from a young seamstitch (by which, I gather, the narrator means a seamstress), who announces her intention of hitchhiking all the way from California to attend the Fourth of July doubleheader. Mr. Wiggen's roommate, Piney Woods, a young man as green as his name and something of a dreamer besides, promptly falls in love with this young lady, sight unseen, and encourages her in the project, over Wiggen's objections. As she is proceeding on this transcontinental trek, keeping the team informed of her erratic movements by long and fervent letters, Mr. Wiggen finds himself pitching eight victories in a row, after which, in his words:

> . . . the paper begun playing with the idea I might bust Carl Hubbell's consecutive record, 16 he won in 1936, an immortal now enshrined, a statue of his bust in the Hall of Fame in Cooperstown, N. Y., and a grander fellow never lived.

In due time, Mr. Wiggen's fifteenth straight victory arrives, as does July 3rd and the seamstitch, who turns out to be an attractive enough girl, but rather below the exalted image Piney Woods has cherished. He goes off in a sulk, leaving Wiggen to take care of her (she is penniless) on the night before his attempt at Hubbell's record. Comes the dawn, and after it the crucial game, and the discovery, on the part of young Mr. Woods, that In Dreams Begin Responsibilities.

Although there are occasional lapses into Runyonese ("Is he not in a nervous sweat?"), the author's ear for the idiom is generally good, and his eye for character even better. There is, to take a random example, the discussion that begins with the manager's reminiscences upon his long career. I was particularly taken with the nice balance this gentleman strikes between the doings on the baseball diamond and those in the larger arena of world affairs, and the way he gives to each its just and proper due.

> "40 years and more," said Dutch. " . . . It is a long time. It is 41 Opening Days. My First Opening Day we was at war since the previous Thursday. We was never sure if we would open. But we done so."
>
> "It is both a long time and a short time," said Red.
>
> "What war was that?" said Piney.
>
> "It was cold," said Dutch. "I hit 4 for 2 off a right-hand pitcher name of Aloysius Shannon, an Irishman, the first ballplayer I ever seen wear eyeglasses. You see many nowadays. . . ."

The manager subsequently reveals himself as a master of sarcasm and applied psychology, in a biting locker-room lecture, delivered after a losing day:

> He begun whistling again, "Marching Through Georgia," and he took off his hat and studied it. 40 years with the same club, going on 41, ½ a century you might as well say, he still got to *look* at his hat. He should of went on the stage and become rich. "It says the letter *M* on my hat," he said, "but it is hard for me to believe after what I witnessed yesterday that it stands for Mammoths, for what I seen stood for Mediocre plain and simple, or Mickey Mouse maybe, or dancing round the Maypole bush or the prince of Monaco, but it did not stand for Mammoths. . . . Boys, I am not a young man much longer. Do you wish me to bear such a feeling on my shoulder?" He touched his 2 shoulders. "Do you?"

The author's account of Wiggen's final assault on Hubbell's record produced in me the psychological equivalent of a full head of steam, but I am only half inclined to congratulate Mr. Harris on this. For, what the tense courtroom scene can be to the lazy dramatist—a ready-made device for creating suspense without unduly straining his artistic resources—the Crucial Game can be to the baseball novelist. Top of the ninth, opponents leading by two runs, bases loaded, two outs, two strikes on the batter—the baseball novel presents a circumstance, perhaps unique in the literary treatment of the human condition, in which an excruciating degree of tension may be generated in the susceptible breast, simply by reciting statistics. The con-

Rescue Party

BILLOWING out his fiery parachute
The sun falls down the sky
And drops air-borne into the grove of elms.
Deserted of her pilot and her light
The day spins down to die.

Among the trees I walk at dark and see
The luminous silken shreds of fireflies
Fluttering from twigs where they are caught,
And struggling up the crags of night I spy
The peak where daylight's silver wreckage lies.

MAXINE CASSIN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gratulations due Mr. Harris for this episode, then, are not for our interest in its outcome, but for the extent to which he has managed to ignore this tempting crutch in favor of dancing along on his own nimble legs. But then, Mr. Harris is not just a writer of funny baseball novels; he is a comic artist of considerable skill, whose subject happens to be the national sport.

Richard Wright's Spanish Excursion

by Richard Strout

THERE are so many ways of misunderstanding this vivid book of travel-journalism that it is likely to kick up a controversy—a Negro writing about whites, a man of Protestant background appalled by the degradation of a quasi Church-state, an expatriate drawing upon his native land for occasional comparisons, an ex-radical describing Franco's Falange. But above all Wright is a citizen of the world writing compassionately about Spain's poverty and self-hatred and fanaticism. He uses a terse, lucid dramatic style like Hemingway's.

Pagan Spain, by Richard Wright (Harper; $4).

Wright had the notion that Spanish white-slavers shanghaied girls and forced them into the traffic in North Africa; instead he discovered in a memorable chapter that it was a case of economic determinism. It was as casual as the hay business:

> This was white slavery, and how simple and open and jolly it was! The women and girls were begging to go. They were hungry.

Acceptance of prostitution, he declares, goes with the acceptance of a low living standard. The Church deems it a sin, but

> . . . to account for prostitution in economic or political terms is to be guilty of more sin, that is, flirting with liberal thoughts which, in itself, is a mortal sin. . . . Universal prostitution is not something to be grappled with in terms of social or economic engineering . . . to be dismayed about or even astonished at . . . it is simply an indication that the work of salvation is not yet complete. . . . And of course, a prostitute can at any time enter a church and gain absolution.

The religion is the paradox in Spain. The oppressed Protestant minority struck something familiar in Wright's sensitive memory and again he is writing oblique autobiography. What roused him was the "needless, unnatural and utterly barbarous nature of the psychological suffering that the Spanish Protestant was doomed to undergo." As he sees it, Protestants are the "white Negroes" of Spain.

Wright probes the orgiastic response of the crowd at bullfights. He sees the beauty as well as the horror of the duel:

> . . . Man and beast had now become fused into one plastic, slow-moving, terrible, delicate waltz of death, the outcome of which hangs upon the breath of a split second.

But he notes,

> While the bull was standing baffled for that moment, I could see a tiny fountain of blood bubbling up out of the confusion of flesh of his humped back—a tiny geyser of red that jutted up two inches high while a sheet of scarlet flooded down the bull's left side, coagulating in soft, tiny, irregular lumps in the bright sunshine.

It is a man-made agony needed to assuage the hate and frustration and bewilderment that seems to lie below the surface of Spanish life.

Scene follows scene. He needs a haircut but, as he explains, "my fairly woolly hair had made me hesitant for a long time about testing the racial reactions of Spaniards" in terms of the barbershop. The barber is an embittered Catalonian nationalist—but without a trace of race prejudice.

Again he is introduced by a friend to his bride-to-be.

> "She's a virgin," Andre whispered proudly to me . . . "
>
> "What does your fiancé do?"
>
> . . . Dumfounded, he stared at me. "She's a virgin," he repeated. Being a virgin, evidently was a kind of profession in itself.

Indeed, in a land divided between "good" and "bad" women, where the sex is so chaperoned that even the touch of a hand conveys electric impulses, the business of protecting daughters is a matter of consequence. As Wright adds,

> . . . Her entire outlook was one of waiting to be despoiled, longing for the day when she could shed her burdensome and useless role, when she could live a free and normal life like the older women about her

A Spanish acquaintance, Carmen, wants to leave the dictatorship but is required first to memorize the 176-page Falangist catechism prepared for girls from nine upwards. Excerpts from this document mortise the chapters:

> WHAT IS THE FALANGIST CONCEPTION OF THE STATE?
>
> As a totalitarian instrument in the service of the country's destiny.
>
> WHAT KIND OF STATE WILL THE FALANGE CREATE?
>
> One which believes in everlasting truths, which orients the machinery of the State toward serving these truths, casting out as pernicious universal suffrage and political parties.

Such a hodge-podge of Hitlerism, Clericalism, mysticism and archaic cultural values has probably never been put together. It has a macabre quality in a scorched land of endemic poverty.

WHAT is Wright's own attitude? Quite frankly he asks himself what approach he should follow. None of the books on Spain have prepared him for what he found.

From the human side it is a remarkable feat to see Wright retaining what at least impresses me as the inner calmness of a whole man against all the centrifugal forces of politics, religion and race that must beset him. As he sees it the central paradox is the religion of the Spanish: solidly Catholic, of course, but so saturated with relics, miracles, processions, fetishes and dark mysteries that it seems less Christian than something primitive and pagan—a world in which a worshipper of Maya, Isis or some ancient fertility cult might soon have found himself at home.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poets and their Subjects

by R. W. Flint

ONE could go on for pages exploring the contrasts and similarities in these two extremely good poets; Rexroth all plain statement and lyric celebration, secure in old loves, affections, achievements and memories; Merwin equally secure in his potentialities and powers but with a world mostly still to win. On the subject of time, for instance. Rexroth:

In Defense of the Earth, by Kenneth Rexroth (New Directions; $3). *Green with Beasts*, by W. S. Merwin (Knopf; $3.50).

> Time is divided into
> Seconds, minutes, hours, years,
> And centuries. Take any
> One of them and add up its
> Content, all the world over.
> One division contains much
> The same as any other.

And Merwin:

> . . . So that time is hard to believe, but it is with you,
> More than ever, for you can feel the stillness
> Rushing more sudden than ever, in the open day
> More secret than ever, and farther and harder
> To understand, and all so still.

The known world and the visionary, the experienced and the immanent, memory and revery. Both books are unusually self-possessed and self-reflective, masterful in the right choice of language and style for what they want to express. Both poets have capacious, consequential and well disciplined minds, both are philosophical poets in that their worlds continually define themselves against the other possible worlds.

The main theme of each is the need and satisfactions of tangible things; of love, friendship, identity and a common run of experience. Rexroth asserts these things as already won, in the heroisms and tragedies of the last four decades. He is the old soldier, exiled and pensioned, but still fighting and glowing more than ever with a sense of the rightness of his choices:

> We were comrades together
> Life was good for us. It is
> Good to be brave—nothing is
> Better. Food tastes better. Wine
> Is more brilliant. Girls are more
> Beautiful. . . .
> We will be remembered, all
> Of us, always, by all men,
> In the good days now so far away.
> If the good days never come,
> We will not know. We will not care.
> Our lives were the best. We were the
> Happiest men alive in our day.

It is good indeed to have the true genius of the Twenties so well remembered. I, for one, no longer object to this kind of plain, tight metrical practice as much as I did when discovering the great verbal musicians of our age. It has a good deal of variety of its own and is as essential a medium for his feeling as Cummings' syntactical whoopla for his, or Stevens' whimsical extravagance for his. If Rexroth sells short the more elaborate traditions, he does so consciously, and with a born affinity for other traditions no less important to the health of poetry. Rexroth's California, like Winters' and Jeffers', is a tradition in itself, a well-loved fastness from which a poet can hurl transcontinental thunderbolts at anything and everything that gets between himself and the sun.

Merwin's great reflective powers work more internally, against all traditions, in the service of mystery and change. Certainly this book has more of the real world in it than his last two. Nevertheless the world stands in the middle distance rather than in the foreground. The longest and best poems still turn on moments of inward crisis and vision—a young shepherd's departure from his father, a woman's mystical fulfillment, and so on. The animal poems are both emblematic and concrete, a wholly credible marriage of the spirits of Wordsworth and late Stevens, celebrating primitive being and, at the same time, musing on its unknowability. The world is here, but prized as much for its mystery as for its tangibility.

Both poets lack the sort of wit that comes from a confidence in the variety of one's audience and the relish for masquerade. Rexroth never really had it, and Merwin doubtless feels the times are not propitious. We must take them for what they are, which is considerable.

The Wicked City

by Webster Schott

THE editor who attempts to anthologize the city of New York takes on a formidable job. For the city's singular quality is bigness, a bigness certainly different from that of London or Paris or New Delhi or Tokyo, a frenetic bigness which makes New York a huge amalgam of all our other metropolises.

New York City Folklore, edited by B. A. Botkin (Random House; $5). *As I Pass, O Manhattan*, edited by Esther Morgan McCullough (Coley Taylor; $10).

Confronted by a task which is one of reproducing this bigness (and for which there may be no need, since the evidence of New York's bigness is everywhere), the anthologist searches for and finds bits of color, sparkle, mood and event that may by chance form some of the giant's mosaic. And that is what Mr. Botkin and Miss McCullough in their particular ways have done.

Mr. Botkin is dedicated to gathering up the piquant and using it to suggest the city at stages of social development. He quotes freely from Herbert Asbury, P. T. Barnum, Lucius Beebe, Ben Hecht, Washington Irving, Denis Tilden, Jimmie Walker, Earl Wilson, and many others. He uses diaries, journals, newspapers, travelogues, and many other sources, most of them generally accessible.

Boss Tweed, the Little Church Around the Corner, New York cops, Macy's, Rector's, the Algonquin, Henry Hudson's first visit to Manhattan Island, immigrants on Ellis Island, old slave auctions, sidewalk superintendents — it's a sort of technicolor New York that Mr. Botkin has at the end of a kaleidoscope. It's fascinating. Reading *New York City Folklore* is like looking through a peephole. But most of this is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

not folklore, as Mr. Botkin's title suggests. Most of it is local color, New Yorkiana, historical gossip, or something else. But it is not folklore.

To have folklore you must have periods of stability and isolation which make for tradition, myth, and legend. Symbolic of American growth to metropolitan bigness, New York's constant change and expansion in population have made indigenous folklore nearly impossible for a century or more. So in place of folklore Mr. Botkin has had to settle for the ersatz. However fascinating it may be, it is not the genuine article, and *New York City Folklore* is most meaningful in that one finds it hard to discover any long threads of the common folk—the people who create folklore—running through it.

MISS MCCULLOUGH'S book is more modest in that it claims no special view of New York. The book is gargantuan in size, and she deals primarily in history and fiction, with some poetry, repeating a number of selections Mr. Botkin has included.

If there is a dominant mood here, it is one of somberness. The serious writer who responds to New York with gaiety is a rare one. The blazing lights of Times Square are most likely to spell out jubilation to the visitor from the hinterlands who does not have the contrasting experience of the dull business mausoleums along lower Fifth Avenue or the slums above Grand Central.

But this may be romanticism too, romanticism in reverse. For New York through the eyes of Theodore Dreiser or Floyd Dell or Herman Melville is not New York through the eyes of Everyman.

New York is what every person who has lived there or seen it says it is. And so the anthologist admits defeat beforehand and compiles as many impressions of literary merit and historical interest for as long as the paper lasts. To read *As I Pass, O Manhattan* is to see how heroic a job of exhausting these resources Miss McCullough has done.

One only wishes that Mr. Botkin and Miss McCullough had both found enough paper for E. B. White's *This Is New York*. But perhaps that wouldn't have been in order. For Mr. White rather disrespectfully compresses the bigness into a mere seven thousand words.

Strange Bedfellows

by George N. Shuster

ARISTOCRATS carrying torches in the revolt of the masses are no unfamiliar figures. They can seem quixotic, appealing, regrettable. Count Karolyi was once as rich and winsome a young man as Hungary knew. At a relatively early age he believed in Socialism and Karl Marx, but the radical views thus acquired did not keep his feet off oriental rugs. It was a case of social conscience plus diamonds and a brace of castles. Soon he was on the hustings as the leader of a small political party. His great moments were two, both terminating in disaster. First, he did not want the end of the monarchy, but could do nothing to set back the hour of the Emperor's abdication in 1918—a tragic event and no doubt a fateful one. The second moment came just a little later when a coalition government headed by Karolyi stepped aside, and the destiny of Hungary was confided to an amateurish, no doubt pathological Communist named Bela Kun, whom Stalin later on liquidated with pleasure.

Memoirs of Michael Karolyi, translated by Catherine Karolyi (Putnam; $6.50).

This transfer of authority has brought down on the Count's head the wrath of commentators in his own and in Western countries. He has been accused of issuing the proclamation which placed the power of the state in "the hands of the proletariat." In the most acrid pages of these memoirs he maintains that the charge is a callous, indeed an infamous untruth. There is good reason for crediting his testimony. The General who was then in charge of the Allied Occupation may have been nine tenths of an idiot who used the country as a doormat and parcelled out pieces of it to various friendly powers. Patriotic Hungarian Socialists felt betrayed by the West and looked to the Communist East for help. It was nevertheless a deplorable decision. After a period of Kun's terrorism, Admiral Horthy, engineer of reaction, took over.

Karolyi went into exile and endured its pangs with genuine nobility tinged with the piebald hues of assorted frustrations. Then at long last came 1945 and the victory over Nazism. The Count went back to Hungary in a mood of venturesome cheerfulness. But Rakosi, become dictator—the same Rakosi for whose published statements Karolyi had written a laudatory foreword some years earlier—resorted to a variety of measures definable only as cynical brutality. Once again the quixotic aristocrat left his native land, no doubt to the great relief of not a few champions of the proletariat.

Reading all this, one has the uncomfortable feeling that here is Count Franz von Papen in reverse. The German aristocrat believed that he was destined to bring about a reform in the affairs of men by riding in the same boat with Hitler and then getting hold of the steering wheel. But the Nazi forever eluded the Westphalian's grip, and eventually sprinkled the deck with the corpses of Papen's friends. Karolyi, for his part, contends that the sorry chain of events from Kun to Kadar resulted from a failure to accept his advice. All that has occurred is, he writes, "not a reason for those who have erroneously taken Stalinism for Communism to commit the even greater error of believing that under the leadership of the USA, as it exists today. . . . anything worth while and lasting can be achieved." There are not a few people abroad who believe that. Behind the barricade of ideas they have erected Karolyi now marches with the same flag. The old knight is still charging the windmill and remains blissfully unaware of the fact.

Notes on Contributors

MAXINE CASSIN, a Louisiana poet has published in *The New Orleans Poetry Journal* and elsewhere. RICHARD STROUT is a veteran Washington newsman. R. W. FLINT writes frequently for *The Partisan Review* and other literary magazines. WEBSTER SCHOTT is a specialist in Americana. THOMAS P. WHITNEY is a journalist travelling in Latin America. GEORGE N. SHUSTER'S newest book is a biography of Cardinal Mindszenty.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM HAITI

They Might Make It . . . God Willing

ALONG the paved but pitted road from Port au Prince to Carrefours there is a bright red camion—one of a myriad of such gay vehicles on this road—which plies its honking way, stopping now and then to pick up or let out a black Haitian citizen of the lower classes. All Haitian camions, which are American pickups with partly open sides and fitted with benches for their eight or ten crowded passengers, have individual names painted across the front of their roofs. And this particular red camion is christened "La Volunté de Dieu."

I took this to be an expression of Haitian sense of humor—a way of saying "God willing we'll perhaps arrive at our destination!"

If this interpretation is correct this camion's name could well serve as Haiti's national motto in these days.

Haiti's destination right now is a democratic presidential election — and "God willing" it may perhaps arrive at that destination without any mishap. Also it could conceivably happen, and many Haitians hope devoutly that it will, that out of that election there might take office a democratic government dedicated to the preservation of political and intellectual freedom and to determined guarding of the public treasury from the raids of grafters and embezzlers who have so successfully undermined possibilities of good government in Haiti under a series of past administrations, including that of the late and unlamented Paul E. Magloire who now resides in Jamaica with loot estimated at from $2 million of liquid assets on up to much higher figures.

Magloire, a strong-man president, was evicted from the country in December when he tried to prolong his stay in power unconstitutionally. His power was broken by a bloodless general strike led in part by students from the university and supported by merchants and the general populace. The victory over Magloire, it's fair to say, constituted a temporarily successful democratic revolution.

Magloire, to be sure, was never an absolute dictator with the power of a Trujillo over his country. Furthermore, he did some good things. But he did curtail political and intellectual freedom. And he left as the visible symbol of his accomplishments a trio of almost identical modern houses—one, two, three in a row—on one of Port au Prince's most frequented residential streets. Erected obviously out of the illicit fruits of his office, like some other more imposing structures, it was inevitable that these particular ranch houses should be labelled by Haitians "Les Trois Bebes" —in memory of three little provincial Haitian maidens in a popular Creole song who migrated to the big city only to fall victim to big bad Haitian wolves.

MAGLOIRE'S exit opened the curtains then on a period of intense political activity and considerable freedom of expression and organization. Unfortunately this was a highly unstable situation. On the one hand eight presidential candidates made use of the situation to campaign on a broad scale, to organize newspapers for themselves, and to arouse the population to consciousness of political issues. On the other hand groups with grievances seized the chance to express them. There were strikes in January in customs and the National Bank, manifestations of university students, and troubles in the law and medical faculties of the university. Unknown terrorists set off two bombs, one of them at the doors of the Legislative Palace. These unaccustomed phenomena aroused keen apprehension among Haiti's sensitive upper class and feelings that a "strong man" might be needed in order to preserve order. Unhappily things are so touch and go that already by the time this letter gets into print it may well be that Haiti has lost in part its chance for establishing a stable and democratic order.

All this emphasizes the hazards of trying to create democracy in a small Caribbean country next door to a tight dictatorship, with a population some 90 percent illiterate and one of the lowest standards of living in the Western hemisphere. Haiti's population of some 3,500,000 settles its small and beautiful

TRADE UNION CAREER

with

POSITION GUARANTEED

FREE TUITION

The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union TRAINING INSTITUTE offers an opportunity to young men and women in the 21-35 age group interested in making service to the trade union movement their life work. The 8th annual sessions of the Institute open June 17, 1957 in New York City. Tuition is free. All students satisfactorily completing the year's field and class work are guaranteed positions with the ILGWU.

REGISTRATION LIMITED

Apply before March 30

For information and application blanks

GUS TYLER, Director

ILGWU

TRAINING INSTITUTE

1710 Broadway, N. Y. 19

COlumbus 5-7000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mountainous territory of some 10,000 square miles as densely as some highly industrialized sections of the United States and is increasing at a rapid rate despite a fabulously high death rate. Agricultural productivity is low and techniques of cultivation are primitive and destructive to the soil. Coffee is the country's chief export—but less than half as much is exported now than was 50 years ago when the population was much lower. The general state of affairs is illustrated by the fact that Haiti exports large numbers of workers to neighboring Cuba and the Dominican Republic to cut sugar cane—when they could if Haiti's own considerable agricultural possibilities were properly used be employed at home.

POLITICALLY speaking the country's chief weakness is the absence of political parties.

A class-race tension exists which could become acute. It arises not just because of wide difference in incomes between the masses and the upper class but because of the particular circumstance that in Haiti many of the members of the upper class are from the social aristocracy which is of varied and mixed racial origin in contrast to the predominantly Negro masses. Between the elite which is well educated and highly cultured, which speaks French in contrast to the native Creole, and which is as thoroughly charming a cosmopolitan social group as one can find anywhere in the world, and the Haitian peasantry which lives mostly outside of organized communities on a primitive plane there is indeed a tremendous chasm. This has to be bridged in the future if Haiti is ever to have a stable social structure.

The means of bridging it and the means simultaneously by which Haiti can find, small though it is, a secure and honored place in the world and make a great contribution to humanity is the development of Haiti's own native culture. Much has already been done in this and much is going on—in all the arts. But it is only in its beginnings. To flourish Haitian culture needs both an economic foundation and the political and intellectual freedom which only democracy can provide.

In economics the most encouraging development for Haiti is the burgeoning tourist trade. It seems safe to say that if Haiti is stable politically the numbers of visitors from North America who come to this republic because it is so different from the rest of the neighbors of the United States will swell year by year. But this will be healthy only if the general economy of Haiti, and particularly its agriculture, responds to the stimulus with rapidly rising productivity.

A North American visiting here cannot help but wish them well and feel that the United States has great responsibility in Haiti. Simultaneously I must report my personal feeling that the United States should do a great deal more than it is doing to fulfill that responsibility. This applies particularly in the fields of technical assistance, economic aid and cultural co-operation. It applies also to Haiti's politics. And right now politics are the central problem.

THOMAS P. WHITNEY

Correspondence

(*Continued from page 3*)

is not, for academic liberals proclaim, as many other sects do not, that they preside over open forums. It is on this basis that they justify their ascendency on college campuses. To the extent that Mr. Howe excuses liberals, on the grounds that the maintenance of such forums is incompatible with institutional life, he puts me in mind of General Motors executives who plaintively murmur that, despite their devotion to free enterprise, they just cannot help sliding toward monopoly. The problem is difficult, all right, but I don't think Mr. Howe and Mr. Curtis are trying as hard as they could.

Mr. Howe swarmed over me for saying that liberals have no sense of personal responsibility, an overstatement which resulted from careless editing over which I had no control. But Mr. Howe himself comes close to justifying that extreme statement. He admits that academic life can be "petty, mean, anxious, competitive." But he insists that much of this is due to "the encompassing pressures of the commercial ethos." Elsewhere he declares that most professors "remain subject to the mores and imbued with the values of a commercial society." It is incredible that any professors should think that Mr. Howe has defended their moral stature. After he has squeezed them between the pressures of institutional life on the one hand and the commercial values of their society on the other, what is left of them with which they can achieve any independent apprehension of reality? And without such apprehension there can be no freedom, no human domination of social forms, and no personal responsibility.

Now for some exclusively *ad hominem* remarks *a la* Howe. His rejoinder made me think of a man on the analytic couch whose rationalizations his psychiatrist has questioned. At first he replies agreeably enough and defends himself with considerable logic. Then suddenly he erupts in vituperation. Why?

On the other hand, the rejoinder also reminded me of Lenin's famous advice on how to conduct a polemic. The gist of this advice was "to evoke the worst thoughts . . . about the opponent . . . not to correct his mistake, but to destroy him. . . . "

Finally, a word about my own style. A resentment of "vivid" writing is common among academic types, especially in English Departments. But I must protest against Mr. Howe's system of belaboring my diction with his right hand while his left is busy lifting phrases from my essay with which to enliven his own.

MORTON CRONIN
Los Angeles State College

► *The New Lost Generation*

SIRS:

IN reply to Mr. Sam Astrachan's indictment of James Dean in "The New Lost Generation" (*NR*, Feb. 4), I must speak up as a member of the Old Lost Generation, a comfortable spinster far less concerned with sociological developments in the young than with fine acting. I had never seen James Dean until *Giant*. And there I saw something to tingle the spine and renew faith in the theatre as a means of communication and interpretation—a full-dimensioned performance with the cutting edge of insight, pity, ruthlessness.

If, as Mr. Astrachan says, "in each of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Dean roles the distinguishing elements are the absence of his knowing who he is, and what is right and wrong," . . . is it not the distinguishing element of the great artist to be able to convey and communicate this plight?

If Dean was indeed a part of the composite "symbol" of or for the New Lost Generation—then I for one think this augurs well for the race. At least it would be cheering to believe the oncoming generation is not setting its sights on the two-dimensional, platitudinous, chrome-tinted characters who inhabit our screens and public life and are so sure who they are and what is right and wrong.

MARY CRANE HONE

Morristown, N. J.

" . . . the human condition"

SAM ASTRACHAN has said, in "The New Lost Generation," (*NR*, Feb. 4, 1957), what ought to be said about the silly, artificial cult of James Dean. But I don't think he has succeeded in drawing more than a very remote analogy between these diminutive doomed neurotics of the movies and, to make my point as briefly as possible, the hero of Saul Bellow's *Seize the Day*, Tommy Wilhelm. James Dean belonged to that tribe of small, cuddlesome individuals bred by Hollywood to satisfy the protective instincts of the audience. Some of these, Mickey Rooney, Judy Garland, Sinatra and, to a certain extent, Brando, grew up to develop a certain adult flavor and style of their own. Perhaps Dean would have. But the "Stanislavsky method" in his case had extended no further than a lot of fake ingenuousness, standing about on one leg, and in general never doing what a well-adjusted little delinquent might be expected at the moment to do. His performance in *Giant* as the mature Jett Rink, got up as a miniature Edgar Allen Poe, was quite simply a farce, a faded leaf from *Citizen Kane*, matched only by the appearance of Rock Hudson and Elizabeth Taylor as venerable cowhands with purple hair.

Tommy Wilhelm is a quite different matter. In the first place, he is not merely "lost," a pawn of fate who can't find his identity; he is a failure, with a special genius for doing the wrong thing. But more than that, his ingenuousness and humanity are real, a fall guy who "had been slow to mature." He is a philosopher; and *Seize the Day* is a philosophical story. He has a definite point of view, a real notion of moral identity.

Wilhelm is a Werther, a Quentin Compson, a Jay Gatsby of upper Broadway. How can Mr. Astrachan bring himself to call him "rootless, hopeless and loveless"? All petty spite, all immature, self-conscious resentment is purged from Tommy Wilhelm's soul before he can reach his profound insight into the human condition:

> And the great, great crowd, the inexhaustible current of millions of every race and kind pouring out, pressing round, of every age, of every genius, possessors of every human secret, antique and future, in every face the refinement of one particular motive or essence—*I labor, I spend, I strive, I design, I love, I cling, I uphold, I give away, I envy, I long, I scorn, I die, I hide, I want.* Faster, much faster than any man could make the tally.

This, in the story where it occurs, I should say was a very splendid vision, well beyond the question of Tommy's "hope" or "love" or their putative lack. Which is not to claim that *Seize the Day* is the only kind of American story that ought to be written or that Tommy Wilhelm is the only kind of hero. But the character that Wilhelm lacks is abundantly present in the action and fibre of the story itself. The sense of humanity it gives us is very far indeed from being either hopeless or loveless.

R. W. FLINT

Cambridge, Mass.

" . . . the symbol of a generation"

MR. ASTRACHAN'S excellent comment ends thus: "I cannot even now confront the image of Dean . . . without some measure of love and a good deal of pity. But, I do feel cheated by the vision of man as rootless, hopeless, and loveless."

I admit that I too feel cheated by this vision of man. But I am also impelled to ask: What can we find in our culture that would justify an alternative vision of man—a vision making for some measure of confidence and hope?

At issue, of course, is not James Dean the pathetic individual but James Dean the symbol of a generation—the boy who doesn't know "who he is, and what is right and wrong," who is "always mixed up" and therefore "so susceptible to teen-age adulation," who "lacks identity" and is in rebellion "not against parents or the law, but against the universal conditions of life . . . against ALL." Every teacher in the land will recognize these symptoms; so will countless parents.

Is it not about time to ask, urgently and repeatedly, *Why* is this generation lost and what, if anything, can be done to help it find itself? Or perhaps it would be more realistic to ask, *which* generation is lost, theirs or ours? What firm enlightened guidance and example are we offering these youngsters? What do our "leaders" in every walk of life have to offer that is both critical and creative, realistic and constructive?

May I, without discourtesy, ask these questions of the *NR*? You do not hesitate to take sides and make affirmative proposals on a variety of political, social, economic, etc., issues. But what searching and constructive lead have you given your readers in recent years at the level of basic cultural values at which alone the James Dean problem can possibly be understood or solved? How about an issue — a fat issue — devoted to this theme?

THEODORE M. GREENE

Claremont, California

The New Republic welcomes communications from its readers in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less lend themselves to publication more readily than longer letters.

TO AUTHORS
seeking a publisher

Send for our free, illustrated booklet entitled **To the Author in Search of a Publisher.** Tells how we can publish, promote and distribute your book. All subjects considered. New authors welcome. Write today for booklet RP. It's free.
VANTAGE PRESS, INC., 120 W. 31 St., N. Y. 1
In Calif.: 6253 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood 28
In Wash., D. C.: 1010 Vermont Ave., N.W.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $9.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Unconditional money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

LEARN WHILE ASLEEP: Details free. Research Association, Box 6100-NR, Omaha, Nebraska.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—ALL SUBJECTS. Catalogues free. Transbooks, Box 22-NR, Brooklyn 26, N. Y.

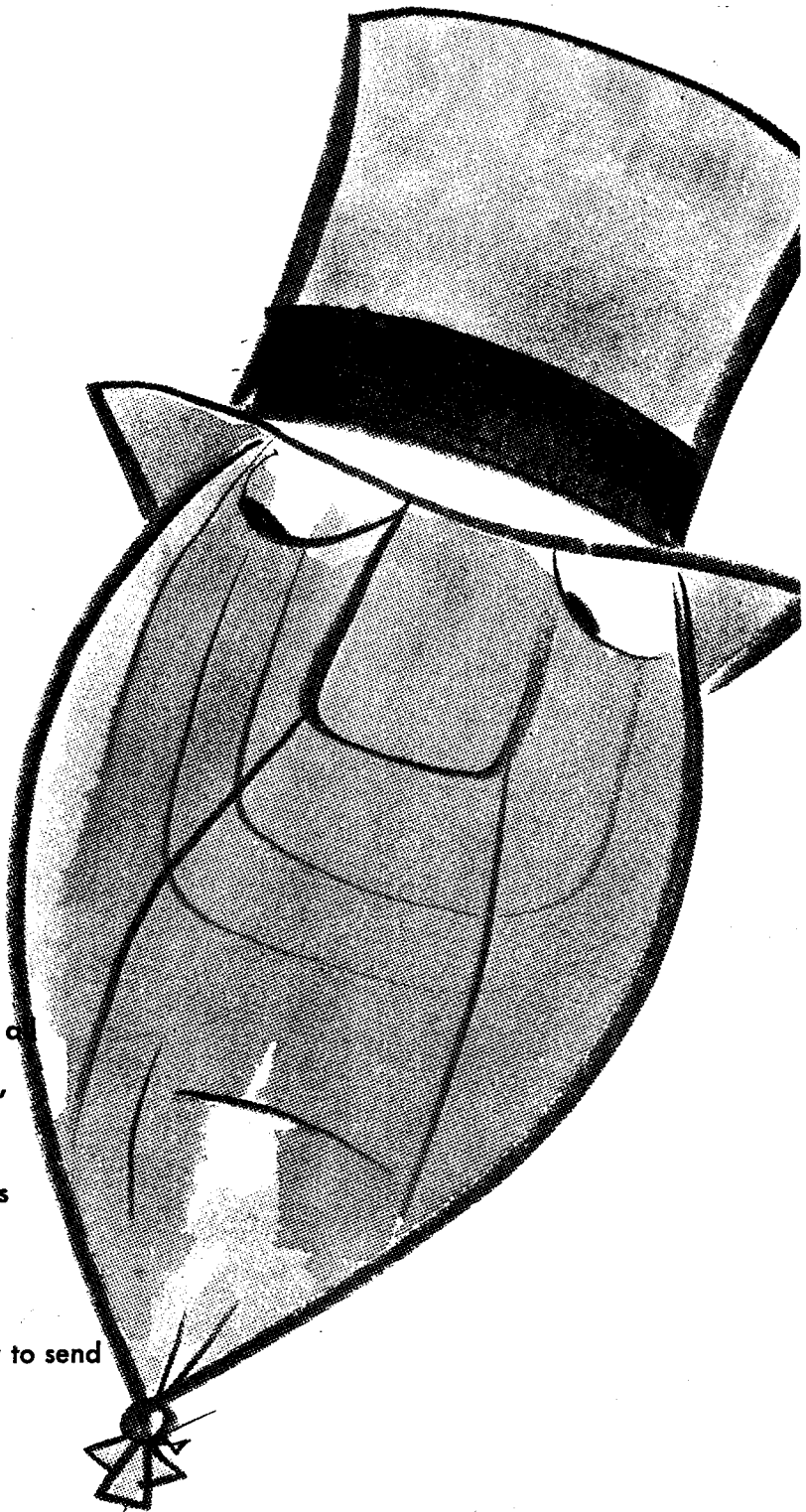
CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion)	12c
Per word 6 times in one contract year	11c
Per word 13 times in one contract year	10c
Per word 26 times in one contract year	9c
Per word 52 times in one contract year	8c

NEW REPUBLIC
1244 NINETEENTH ST., N.W., WASH. 6, D. C.

301 N ST., N. E., WASHINGTON 2, D. C. 7
PRINTED BY NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO.,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



speaking of inflation . . .

words too can get out of hand. If you have had a
you want of superlatives and souped-up journalese,
The New Republic's deflationary tone may appeal.
Since 1914, many people have found our comments
conducive to a calm (but not tranquilizing)
view of the world.
If you're already a subscriber, use the coupon below to send
a gift!

THE NEW REPUBLIC 1244 19th St., N.W.
Washington, D. C.

Send a 52-week subscription of The New Republic to

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE .....

(If a gift, donor's name) .....

☐ $7 enclosed ☐ Bill me later

NR MAKES A GOOD GIFT!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED